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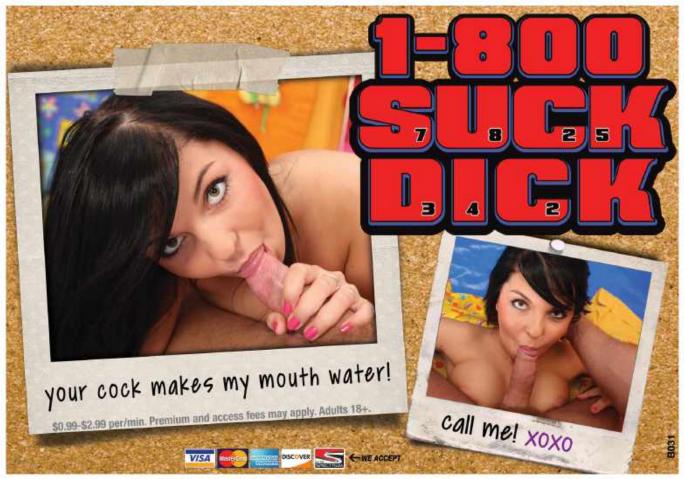












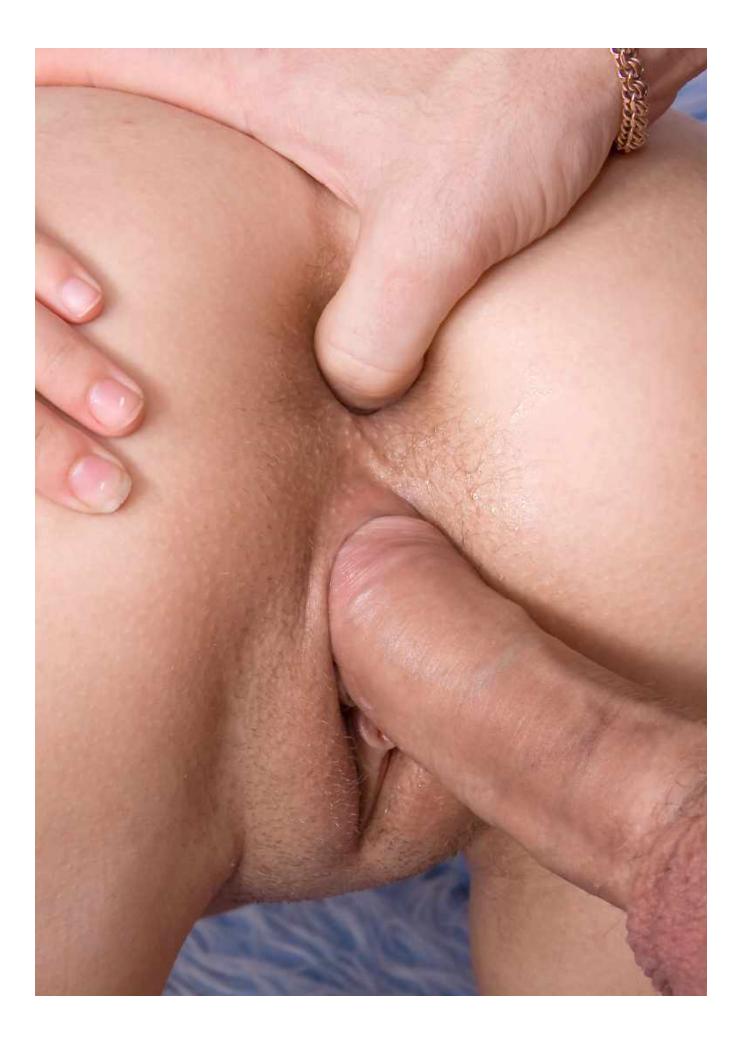














Girl goes wild at an after-work "Happy Hour"

HAPPY HOUR

by the fourth glass of wine, my pussy was on fire and I had my hand wrapped round the stiff dick of a stranger. And to make matters worse, he was with a date. She was listening to the band and sipping her drink, completely unaware my hot hand was pumping her guy's cock to explosion.

Things like that may happen all the time in bar, but not to me. Believe it or not, at age twenty-three I still have my cherry.

It's not that I don't want a hard cock in my tight little pussy; it's just that I'm normally so damn shy it hurts. I say normally, because that night I pulled out all of the stops and did what I'd been aching to do for years.

The big change is due to Jennie. She is beautiful, sexy, and the center of attention in our office. For months, she begged me to join her after work for a few drinks at her favorite bar. Until last night, I always refused.

The real reason was I never drank and I was ashamed to admit it. But that night was different. So when she asked me to come along, I accepted. By the time we arrived the place was packed. I

ordered a glass of wine. Since they were having what Jennie called "Happy Hour," I was served two large glasses of wine. I liked it. I gulped down both glasses before Jennie had finished her first.

Before long I began to feel lightheaded and couldn't stop giggling; everything was funny to me.

Jennie seemed to know every guy in the place because a steady stream of gorgeous dudes soon paraded by our table to speak to Jennie. I noticed that most of them made it a point to look down her loose-fitting top at her braless tits; she made no effort to hide her boobs. In fact, Jennie seemed to thrive on the attention.

One guy managed to brush the back of his hand against the side of her tit while they chatted. I watched in amazement as the guy's dick started to grow before my eyes. I also realized that Jennie knew exactly what she was doing. With him standing beside her chair, his crotch was at eye level. Frequently, she would glance at his bulging crotch and lick her lips.

I felt the crotch of my panties getting damp. Watching my sexy friend in action had me ready to come in my panties. "Wow!" I gasped when the guy walked away. "Does that happen often?"

"That was just a warmup. I'll dance with him later and finish the job," she said

I gave her a confused look. I couldn't believe that she meant what I was thinking. "Finish? "I stammered.

She giggled. "You know, make him cum in his pants. He loves it. That guy runs around with a permanent hard-on. I love it when his big, hard dick twitches against my leg, while he gets his shorts all wet and sticky."

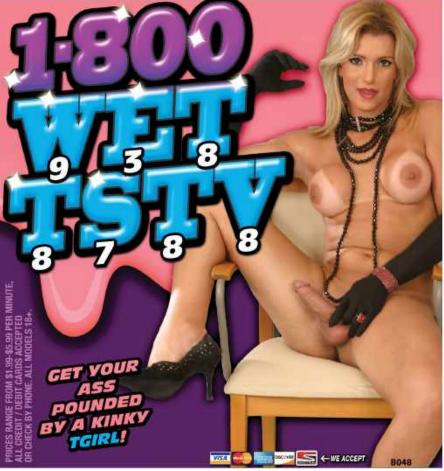
About that time, the waitress brought other round of drinks. I snatched mine up and swallowed it in one gulp. My cheeks were burning and my cunt felt like a volcano, ready to erupt at any second.

Before I could recover from Jennie's confession, one of her friends stopped









As he applied steady pressure with his hands, pulling my pussy tightly against his throbbing cock, I felt the lips of my pussy begin to unfold.

at our table, introduced himself as Gary, and asked me to dance. And before I could answer, he took my hand and pulled me onto the crowded dance floor.

It was so packed with bodies that it was more like a standing wiggle than a dance. When Gary pushed his crotch against my leg and began rubbing me, my first impulse was to run. I guess it was the wine that gave me the courage to hang around and find out what would happen. So, I put my hands behind his head and pulled myself tightly against him. I rubbed my tits all over him. His reaction both amazed and excited me.

Soon his soft little cock expanded into what felt like a twelve-inch piece of steel pipe. He nuzzled my neck as his hot and heavy breathing sent chills up and down my spine. I shifted my hips so that his cock rested against mu pussy. He sucked in his breath and put his hands on my ass, cupping the cheeks gently.

As he applied steady pressure with his hands, pulling my pussy tightly against his throbbing cock, I felt the lips of my pussy begin to unfold. When the shaft of his cock began sliding up and down the sensitive lips, flicking my clit on each stroke, I saw stars.

I held onto his brood shoulders and closed my eyes as I had the best orgasm of my life. I guess my excitement took him over the edge, because seconds later I felt his dick thumping against my clit as he shot off in his pants. The thumping cock sent a new wave of pleasure over my body.

By the time he brought me back to my seat, my legs felt like jelly. He leaned over, kissed my neck and whispered, "Thanks."

"Well?" Jennie said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well 'what," I replied, unable to control my blushing.

"Did he cum?" she asked.

"Yes!" I gasped, feeling like I might come again from just thinking about it.

"The first time is the hardest," she said. "No pun intended," she added with a wink.

For the first time in my life I felt free.

I felt like a horny tigress on the prowl for fresh meat. Jennie looked pleased with the transition. "Look, sweetie," she purred. "I'm gonna to have to leave you on your own for a while. I have some unfinished business," she grinned as she got up and walked toward our friend with the permanent hard-on.

I sat there sipping another wine and watching my friend work her magic. She wasn't rubbing against him; she was actually humping her pussy against him for all she was worth. Just watching her dry-fuck the guy had me ready to sneak a hand into my panties. I knew that one little flick and I'd go off like a Roman candle. But before I could work up the courage to do it, two new couples asked if they could sit at our table. One of the guys sat in the chair beside mine.

"I'm Mike," he smiled, holding his hand out to me.

"Cyndi," I stammered, embarrassed by the way my eyes went straight for his crotch. His jeans were so tight that I could easily make out the shape of his cock. I had on almost irresistible urge to touch it, but of course I didn't.

I spent the next few minutes trying to get my mind off of my neighbor's dick, and was doing a pretty good job until he put his elbow on the arm of his chair. He let it touch my soft breast. I knew immediately that it was no accident.

I glanced in his direction and pressed a stiff nipple against his bare arm. He was looking directly at me and gave me a sexy smile. Since his date was totally involved with watching the crowd, I took his smile as a license to do anything I wanted. I took a long swig of my drink and placed my hand on his knee.

He looked surprised, but his face told me that he loved it as I let my hand crawl slowly up his hard, firm thigh. The sight of his cock swelling under those tight jeans gave me all of the inspiration that I needed to go for broke.

The way we were seated, his date would have had to stand up and lean over to actually see what my hand was doing in her guy's lap. When I finally reached his rock-hard cock, it jumped



At the same time he slid his chair closer to the table. I did the same and left my hand on his pulsating cock while I read the message: "Unzip my pants."



under my hand.

He put his hand over mine and groaned softly. At first, I didn't move my hand. Just feeling the shape of his long, hard shaft and mushroom-shaped cockhead was enough to make my body tremble.

I must have sat there for at least ten minutes, just squeezing his twitching tool and enjoying the tingle between my legs before he took a pen out of his pocket and scribbled something on a napkin. He finished the note and slid the napkin in my direction.

At the same time he slid his chair closer to the table. I did the same and left my hand on his pulsating cock while I read the message: "Unzip my pants." was what it said, a suggestion that had my heart beating so hard I was afraid it might jump from my chest.

With trembling hands, I fumbled around under the table until I located the zipper tab. The soft sound of the zipper sliding down seemed like a roar. I was afraid that at any moment, every head in the place would turn around and look at me, with my hand wrapped around Mike's cock.

Of course, nothing like that happened and luckily, he wasn't wearing any underwear. As a matter of fact, his dick leapt from the opening of his jeans and into my ready hand. The tip was slippery. He was leaking pre-cum like a faucet.

The soft, velvet cockhead was so hot that it burned my fingers as I explored my throbbing new toy. I found myself wishing that he would return the favor and put his hand between my legs, but he seemed content to sit there and let me stroke his beautiful tool.

I was so enthralled with my little game that I didn't see Jennie return to the table. When I realized that she could see exactly what I was doing to the stranger's cock under the table, I was more embarrassed than ever before... but not embarrassed enough to stop.

I was determined to make this guy shoot off all over the dance floor. So I kept on pumping my hand up and down his throbbing pipe while Jennie watched with a big grin on her face.

Finally, she leaned over and put her lips close to my ear. "Go for it, Cyndi," she whispered. As she did, she put her hand on my leg, only inches below my tingling twat. My legs opened automatically, inviting her to touch my quivering cunt.

As if she could read my mind, she lifted the hem of my skirt and let her soft, hot hand slip up the inside of my thighs. "Let me give you a hand," she whispered as her hand moved ever closer to my pussy.

"You are much too tense," she gasped, as her hot breath tickled my neck. "Don't make him cum until I tell you," she panted as her skilled fingers crept under the elastic of my panties. When the tip of her wiggling finger slipped into my slick, hot slit, it sent sparks straight to my brain.

Jennie knew exactly what she was doing. She was in complete control as she pushed her finger into my hungry pussy, right up to the second knuckle. Then, she began gently twisting it while her thumb gently stroked my quivering clit.

"Now!" she groaned just before I was ready to scream. "Make him cum now!" Her words set off a chain reaction. My hand jerked madly on Mike's twitching dick. I watched his cock shoot a stream of cum so strong that it splattered against the underside of the table and showered my hand with scalding seed. And Jennie kept her finger in my pussy and her thumb on my love trigger until Mike's cock was safely tucked back into his pants.

Later that evening, Jennie and I had a long talk. I guess that I was a little worried because I enjoyed having another woman finger me. She said that it is perfectly normal to enjoy sex—no matter the gender of your partner—and insisted that once I feel a good, hard cock in my pussy, I would know the difference.

If I keep running around with her, I'm sure that it won't be long before I find out. In fact, tonight she is going to teach me how good a tongue can be, even if it belongs to another woman!

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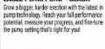
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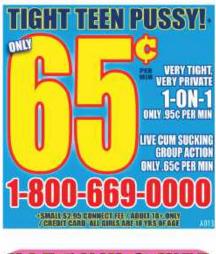
































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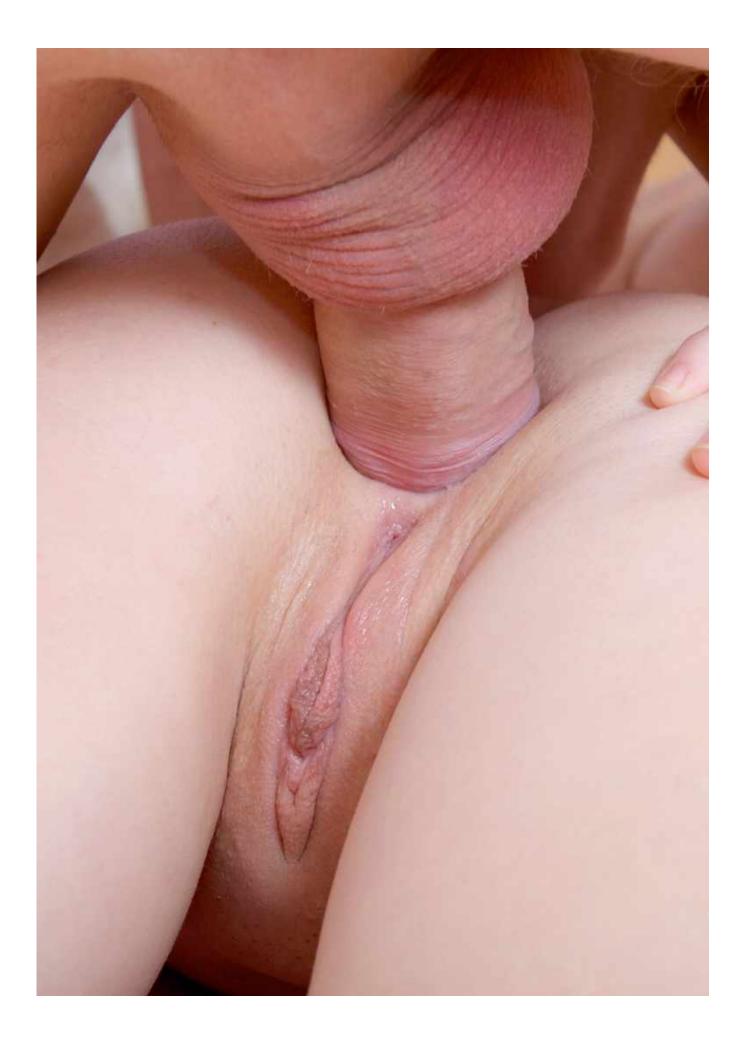














finally letters:

More letters have come into the office that we had to share just a couple with you here today



"I got a speeding ticket in the mail," I spoke into the microphone. "A traffic camera caught me doing sixty in a forty... but I got off easy... there was a dead hooker in my trunk."

Not to brag, but this crowd – comprised exclusively of fellow comics – was hard to please. They had seen it all...

The audience – all seven members – responded favorably. The laughter wasn't uproarious, not by a long shot, but it was there, tepid titters from my peers, as if they couldn't quite help themselves. I made a mental note to keep that particular joke in my bag of bits. Anything that elicited even the slightest chuckle was a keeper.

Not to brag, but this crowd – comprised exclusively of fellow comics – was hard to please. They had seen it all, heard it all. It was a competitive thing, really. Nobody wanted to acknowledge the talent of another; we all wanted to be the best, the funniest, the special one who was going to make it big.

Tonight's open mic night was typical, an opportunity to test material on other comics; it was a workshop, more or less, three minutes in which to try new stuff and fine tune the old. Practice makes perfect. Pay your dues. And maybe, just maybe . . .

I passed the microphone to Kenny, the last performer of the night, and made a beeline for the stairs. We had congregated in the basement of a used bookstore; the tight space was used for author readings/signings, poetry slams, and the occasional musical act. Rickety wood creaked beneath my feet as I ascended at a brisk clip. I had to piss something fierce. My bladder was about to pop.

Molly, the part-time night clerk, sat behind the counter, engrossed

in a doorstopper of a paperback; it must've been a good one as she didn't so much as glance in my direction. By the time I finished my business, Kenny's act had come to a close. The other comics flooded the store, destroying the quiet atmosphere with their chatter.

Luckily, nobody felt like browsing for books. They were out of there in a matter of minutes. I stuck around, as usual, to help Molly with closing duties. It was all part of our deal, part of our arrangement, if you will . . .

Molly wrote all of my material.

She had a real knack for comedy, coming up with some genuinely funny shit. Unfortunately for her, she was far too shy to get up in front of an audience and actually perform. The mere thought of taking the stage made her physically ill.

Thankfully I didn't suffer her phobia.

Molly closed the register. I locked the door and flipped the sign to CLOSED. We didn't bother with the lights; foot traffic on the sidewalk was practically non-existent at this hour. I was thankful for this as Molly was most easy on the eyes. A curvy redhead with a big juicy booty, she was one of the hottest chicks I had ever had the good fortune to collaborate with.













"They liked the hooker joke," I told her.

"Awesome," she replied.

"I hope I did it justice. My timing was a little off—"

"I wrote a new one."

This didn't surprise me. Molly was prolific.

"Let's hear it," I said.

She wrote all her bits in a spiral notebook. I stood there, leaning against the wall behind the counter as she flipped to the appropriate page.

"Here it is." She paused for dramatic effect. "I applied for a job at a vegetarian restaurant . . . not because I'm a vegetarian . . . but because I like hairy pussy."

My laugher was immediate. "Good one. I love it."

"One more," she said.

"Another?"

"I wrote these tonight, while you guys were downstairs."

She peered at her notebook. "Okay. Listen up . . . "

I waited with bated breath.

"My girlfriend is a total nymphomaniac," Molly read. "She'll have sex with anything that moves sire. It wasn't long before she squatted and went to work. My pulse quickened as she varnished me, balls to flared cap.

Comedy writing wasn't Molly's only skill. She had one hell of a talented tongue. My cock grew, getting harder and harder as she glided it up and down my shaft. This continued unabated until she sucked my balls, taking each one between her lips while stroking me with her hand, pumping and priming me with deft skill.

I was ready to fuck her.

And Molly was ready, too.

She stood and leaned over the counter, placing her forearms atop its smooth surface. I moved behind her. Then I peeled her yoga pants, exposing her big beautiful ass. I hastily shucked her electric blue cotton panties and rammed it home, plunging my cock into her pussy. Molly gasped when I entered her. Holding her curvaceous hips, I thrust my pelvis repeated-

ly, drilling her with powerful strokes. Her ample ass jiggled as I tapped it in earnest, skewering her puffy cunt lips with my turgid rod.

> I always gave her my best. After all, Molly was my writer.

I moved behind her. I peeled her yoga pants, exposing her beautiful ass. I hastily shucked her electric blue panties...



... I used to worry about her fucking my remote control car . . . until the batteries died."

I clapped and whistled. Molly closed her notebook and came closer, placing her hand on my crotch. Listening to her read always turned me on. Ours was a great partnership, in more ways than one . . .

"Nice and hard for me," she said.

"Always."

She unzipped my chinos and pulled it out, stroking my erect member lovingly, softly, working me into a frenzy of de-

I was nothing without her. If she ever moved away, or wanted to part ways, well, I tried not to think about such a calamity. Grateful for the good thing we had going, I doubled my efforts in a show of immense gratitude, feeding her every inch of my cock.

Molly loved to finish me off with her big tits. Tonight's coupling was no exception as she looked over her shoulder. "I'm ready, baby."

I pulled out. She turned around, made short work of her blouse and bra, and knelt before me. Molly held her fleshy







jugs, one in each hand, as I slid my dick between them. She squeezed her tits together, creating a snug canal. I fucked those delicious D-cups until I reached the summit. My cock erupted, spraying her with much cum; multiple ropes of my pearly cream glazed her mouth and chin as my balls emptied on her face.

The following week, at a bigger and better open mic venue, I performed Molly's new jokes. The crowd gave me a standing ovation. But that's not all. The manager of the club offered me my very first solo show! Looks like I'm on my way. With a partner like Molly, I can't lose.

- open Mike, Burbank, CA

after closing

In today's sensory overloaded world, there are many stimulations. But for me... it's glasses. Eyeglasses. I think women with glasses are sexy as hell. Some guys go for big boobs and some

Glasses, like girls, come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Plain or fancy, round or square, wirerimmed, horn-rimmed...

will damages or broken in the throes of passion.

Glasses, like girls, come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Plain or fancy, round or square, wire-rimmed, horn-rimmed or with no rims at all, they are endlessly fascinating. And arousing. A well-crafted pair of glasses will give me a hard-on any time. And they invariably make their wearer an object of instant lust.

They are afraid that a man will be turned off by the sight of their bespectacled face while engaged in sexual congress. In my case, just the opposite is true. Far too often I've found myself aroused and stimulated while making out with a woman, feeling the gentle touch of her glasses against my face as I kiss her sweet mouth, slowly stripping her of all her clothing until her spectacles are her only adornment; and then as we lie down together to culminate our passion, the lady will remove her glasses and set them aside.

Instantly I feel my passion dying, my hard-on diminishing, my lust turning to disappointment. No matter much her naked body turns me on, the sight of her naked face turns me off again. It is at that



go for big round asses. Some go for a well shaped leg, while some are hooked on long hair or a sexy voice. Some guys are foot fetishists and some are even attracted by a good personality. Me I'm a glasses guy. I'd rather fuck a plain, skinny, nondescript girl with an attractive pair of glasses than the most gorgeous, voluptuous, seductive female with 20/20 vision. Or even worse contacts.

Unfortunately, one problem I frequently encounter is the difficulty of getting a woman to wear her eyeglasses in bed. No matter how much I beg, plead and cajole, I find that most women resist the idea. They say they are afraid their glasses

point that I plead with her to put her lovely spectacles back on; but nine times out of ten this request is met with puzzlement, resentment or even downright hostility, and the mood is fatally broken for both of us. So girls keep your glasses on for us men that adore them.

- Hans, Jackson, MS

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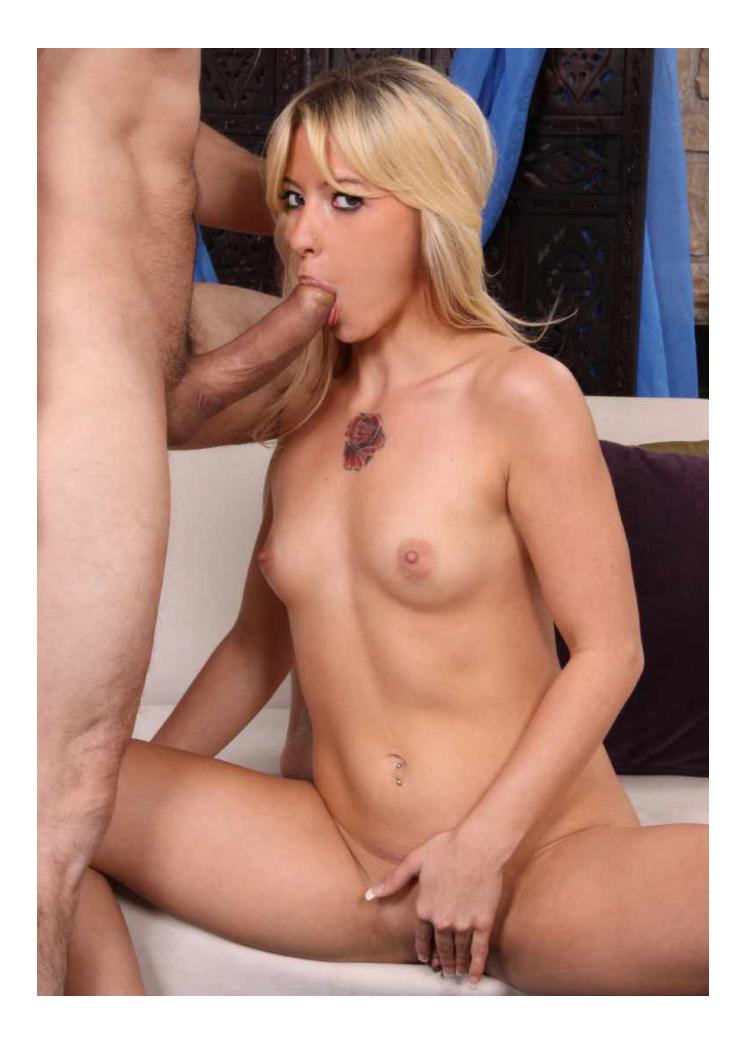
























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Made of super soft and stretchy neoprene, this mask looks and feels premium. It conforms attractively around your head, leaving just your eyes, mouth, and nose exposed. The muzzle snaps on and off easily for two different ways to wear, featuring the same guilted pattern as the brow and inner ears.





whenever and wherever you want it! This travel-friendly blowjob sleeve is shaped like a pretty little mouth, inside and out!

SKU: XR-AF225

PRICE

DISCO PINEAPPLE CUP GOLD

SEXFLESH DELUXE
SYDNEY'S DEEP THROAT
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SKU: DJ-1360-19-3

SKU: VNVD50 GOODHEAD TINGLE DROPS

10Z ASSORTED (3 PACK)

Tingling, tantalizing sensations and three delicious flavors enhance your oral play

REG. PRICE

SKU: XR-AG292-RED

MAXX GEAR VIBRATING VACUUM **GAUGE PENIS PUMP -**CLEAR

You control the pressure until desired effect with the EZ squeeze bandle with pressure release valve.

Material: Silicone (Soft Base & Hose), Polysty-rene (Clear chamber), ABS (Gauge, Pump, Remote & Bullet)

SKU: N2763

CALEXITICS

MAXIMUS ENLARGEMENT CREAM 1.50Z

Size matters! New homeopathic formula to enhance and enlarge. For maximum results use twice daily, 1.5 Fl.Oz./44 mL

49 REG. PRICE 567-24 SKU: SE-2207-00-1

APOLLO REVERSIRI E PREMIUM MASTURBATOR MAX - SMOKE

Utralife-like feel Pure Skin strokers Soft, fuglit and stretchy to fill any man. Reverbible for smooth or centured stimulation Closed end for superior suction. Easy to clean and maintenance free. TPR.

SILICONE COCK RING -

Powerful vibrations with two

rechargeable builets for dual stimulation for both partners.

NAVY/SILVER

701.0

SKU: SE-0957-25-3

ZOLO RECHARGEABLE

SKU: ZID03WXT TRINITY FOR MEN 10X TURBO SILICONE RECHARGEABLE PENIS

HEAD PLEASER - BLACK/BLUE insert the tip of your dick into the generously spaced sleeve and enjoy sery inch of its textured interior. This turbo charged Head Pleaser is purpose-built for male stimulation.

ID EXTRA THIN CONDOM (3 PACK)

D Extra Thin Lubricate

Condoms are strong yet sensitive, designed to enhance your intimate experience while

eping you safe.

SKU: XGZO6039

SKU: XR-AG666

To.

10

SKINS POWERECT MALE ENHANCEMENT CREAM 5 ML SACHET Powerect is designed for ALL adult men seeking greater sexual performance and enjoyment, as well as men requiring extra levels of support in the heat of the moment. Works on demand, no planning required. Arousal starts the chemical reaction in the brain required for an erection. Made with 100% natural ingredients. Perform

POWERECT

with confidence even after a night out. Feels good for your partner too, heightening their arousal.

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LUBRICANT 4 OUNCE Bursting beads of Vitamin E! Climax® covers all the

bases with this exciting new line of 21st century sexual enhancement products featuring bursting beads for every need. Water-based, glycerin-free, Vitamin E enriched lubricant designed ultra-slick for anal play. Pop-top bottles are easy to use and keep things neat

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(free shipping on orders \$99+) S&H 7.99 TOTAL

PROWLER SWIM BRIEFS NAVY AQUA



CALEXINGS ULTIMATE STROKER BEADS COCK RING - SILVER

5 rows of support rings of smooth silver peer beads. Stretchy support and enhanced stimulation.



5KU: SE-1442-05-3

MASTER SERIES QUARANTINED 5 LAYER FILTERED FACE MASK - BLACK Stay safe while staying fashionable with this Black Fashion Face Mask! Adjustable at the nose for a more secure and comfortable fit with the nose bridge clip, with low profile veloro enclosures that wan around the back of the head to save your ears from

SKU: XR-AG559

soreness with extended wear. Stylish on the outside and functional on the inside - this mask features 5 layers of filtration to protect you from dust and germs.



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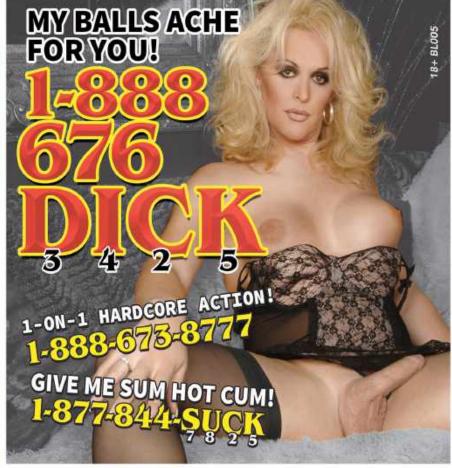




























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